

The Generous Muse.
 A
 Funeral POEM,
 IN
 MEMORY
 Of his late Majesty
 K. James the II.

Humbly Dedicated to Her Royal Highness.

*Hæc finis Priami Fatorum, hic Exitus Illum
 Sorte tulit ————— Virg. Æn. 2.
 Dii Patrii servate Domum, servate Nepotem. Id.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for William Turner, at the Angel at
 Lincolns-Inn Back Gate, 1701.

474.

Nov 8, 1915
Harvard University
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Funeral Home
M. E. M. O. R. Y
Of his late Majesty
K. James the 1st
Dedicated to the Royal Family
The King James the 1st
The Queen James the 1st
The Prince James the 1st
The Princess James the 1st
LONDON
Printed for William F. ...
Lincoln-Inn Back Gate, 1701.

TO THE PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THo' Grief, like Yours, so great appears,
 As not to need Addition to Your Tears,
 Which at a Father's Tomb You justly shed,
 And having Wept him living, Mourn him dead;
 Yet would the pious Muse the favour crave,
 At least to scatter Roses round his Grave,
 To speak her Sorrows, and reveal her care,
 And pay her Praises since he's past her Pray'r.
 Accept this Offring which I humbly make,
 And read the Present for the Subject's sake;
 Mean is the Verse, but Noble is the Theme,
 And claims at once Attention and Esteem,
 While I the Wrongs of Chance and Death review,
 I once a Subject, still a Daughter You.
 Oh! Grant me leave at least to make this Claim,
 The Muse that sings his Fate, may sing your Fame;
 And having wept the Father's last Decays,
 May one day sing the living Daughter's Praise.

TO THE
PRINTING

(I)

The Generous Muse.
 A
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 IN
 MEMORY
 Of his late Majesty
 K. James the II.

What? Shall the Croud his injur'd Name blaspheme,
 And make departed Royalty their Theme,
 Yet not a Muse in his Defence arise,
 And not a Tear burst out from Nobler Eyes?
 Ye Sons of Art, your just Resentments shew,
 And pay to *Britain's* Prince what *Britain's* owe,
 Not sit regardless at his sacred Urn,
 While Majesty is made the Subjects scorn.
 Alive He suffer'd, and when Dead may crave,
 The Privilege of ev'ry common Grave,
 To fall lamented, and of Life bereft,
 Be Wept by those that are Survivors left.

B

But

But Malice still pursues Him with her Hate,
 Untouch'd by pitty, and unmov'd by Fate,
 Joyful she sits, triumphant in her Wrongs,
 And stops the skillful Bards from skillful Songs.
Congreve would write, but he Displeasure fears,
 And *H——x* his *Smiles* prevent his *Tears*;
 Nor would *Row's* Muse with-hold its mournful Grace,
 Did *J——sy* not bestow the *Laureat's* Place,
 Just is his Stile, and pompous are his Lays,
 Could but his Patron down with *J——es* his praise,
 And yield to what the Noblest Minds would bear,
 His once dread Sovereign's Name to reach his Ear.
 But Courtiers have more gainful Scenes in view,
 And Int'rest is the Game their hearts pursue,
 Else *Tate* had slowly touch'd the moving Lyre,
 And rais'd his tuneful Voice amidst the Choir,
 As he diviner flights of Verse had reach'd,
 Than *Kentish* *Worthies*, or the *Lords* *Impeach'd*.

Yet shall not ev'ry Muse her Tears refrain,
 Those ne'er were yet forbid in any Reign,
 Sorrows had vent in ev'ry doubtful Time,
 And to bewail the Dead's no Treasonous Crime,
 Ev'n *William's* great Example gives us leave,
 To mourn an *Uncle*, and a *Father* grieve;
 Pensive he stands, and awful Silence keeps,
 And like the Conquering *Greek* the *Persian* weeps,
 All thoughts of War and Empire laid aside,
 Like *Alexander* when *Darius* Dy'd.

Forbid it *Albion*, that thy Sons should show
 A less concern for such a Scene of Woe:

Here

(3)

Here he was born, the Nations once his own,
 Sprung from a *Martyr's* Loyns, to lose a Throne,
 And hence derives a Title, and a Claim,
 At least to what we plead, a Native's Name,
 Tho' weeping *France* his breathless Corps contains,
 And Forreign Lands take care of his Remains,
 Hence should our Sighs with theirs diffusive join,
 And *Thames* his Tears flow mingled with the *Sein*.

Methinks I see the Royal Exile lie,
 Peace in his Heart, and Heav'n within his Eye,
 Prepar'd thro' Death for Life's Celestial Throne,
 And Grief in ev'ry Breast but in his own ;
 Close by his side his Mournful Consort stands,
 Accusing Fate, and wrings her tender Hands,
 As the good King his last Advice divides,
 Betwixt his Children's Sorrows and his Bride's,
 His Children that are tainted in their Blood,
 And whom we must suppose a Spurious Brood.

Lewis, his Generous Friend lamenting Shares
 Their common Sorrows, and their mutual Cares.
 Comfort's his dying Guest with future Joys,
 And weeps the spoils of him that Fate destroys,
 While the departing Monarch silence breaks,
 And thus confus'd in broken Accents speaks:

My Soul defer thy Journey to the Sky,
And let me thank my Friend before I dye ;
Fortune has left my nothing to bestow,
But bare Acknowledgments for what I owe,

Else

(4)

Else would I more substantial Pledges leave,
 Than what my wretched State now lets me give;
 But Minds, like yours, so prodigally kind,
 Their just Rewards in their own Goodness find;
 All worldly Thoughts, and mean Returns despise,
 And ask Repayments only from the Skies.
 And may their Blessings bountiously descend
 On my Protector, Brother, and my Friend,
 Since Heav'n alone can from its Stores divine,
 Return what has been done for Me and Mine.

Yet have I still one Favour to implore,
 Before I go from hence to Ask no more;
 Not that I doubt your tenderness of Mind,
 To the dear Pledges which I have behind,
 But in some part their Losses would repair,
 And shew a Husband's and a Father's Care.
 Look on the Partners of a wretched Life,
 My weeping Children, and my mourning Wife.
 Silent they stand, and in a helpless State,
 Expecting from your Mouth the Voice of Fate;
 Oh! May that Hand that could my wants relieve,
 And twice an Exil'd Prince a Guest receive,
 Still pleas'd with doing good their Fortunes raise,
 And still Command astonish'd Europe's Praise,
 As to this Widdow'd Queen you give support,
 And Educate these Infants in your Court.
 The Son's misfortunes sure must touch your Heart,
 And make you take a Birth's suspected part.
 Owing his Cause you clear the Father's Fame,
 And wash away the Spots would stain his Name.

The

481.
The Daughter has a double Right to prove,
Her Title to your Patronage and Love;
Born in your Realms the vital Air she drew,
And is a Native, and an Orphan too,
Receive her Title, and Accept her Plea,
And make her some Amends for being Born of me.

More I would Ask, from such a Gracious Mind,
But its within no Boundaries confin'd;
Great is your Soul, as Ample is your Store,
And he that does so much will needs do more;
Will of himself, in his Protection keep
The Followers of my Fortunes through the Deep,
As every Refugee your Bounty shares,
And You'r reminded of my Wrongs in theirs.

Next, may the Queen behold my faulting Breath,
The Queen—to part with her is more than Death,
She that so much has suffer'd for my Reign,
And in exchange of Pleasures chosen Pain,
Been rendred Infamous, and with Content
Has sweeten'd all the Cares of Banishment;
Forbear to grieve, my Royal Bride, and make
No sad Complaints, or mourn for James his sake,
Death in all shapes before this time appear'd,
And Death is not an Ill I ever fear'd,
Witness the Conquests I at Sea have gain'd,
The Dangers I on Land have oft sustain'd,
Tho' envious Foes (I speak it to their shame)
Deny my Labours, and distrust my Fame,
Willing to shew their impotence of Hate,
And less'ning Deeds have been accounted Great.

Thou knowst, my Dear, the Hazards I have run,
 With the continued Good I have always done,
 And Thou canst tell, when ere I shall decease,
 That amidst Injuries I dy'd in Peace,
 That I forgave the Cause that US dethron'd,
 Knowing no Sin like Hatred tho' disown'd.
 And bless'd am I for Losses I have born,
 Since Heav'nly Joys reward all Earthly scorn,
 Since losing Crowns Eternity I gain,
 And Dye with pleasure that have Liv'd in pain.

And thou, my Child, to Royal Sufferings born,
 Look on thy Father from thy Presence torn,
 No more must He his aged Ills beguile,
 Losing the Frowns of Fortune in thy Smile,
 Teach thee no more to hold the Regal Reins,
 And tell Thee Stewarts Blood dilates thy Veins,
 That high Descent in thy Escutcheon shines,
 And that thou ow'st thy Birth to Regal Loyns;
 Tho' for thy sake my Royal Name's prophan'd,
 And but for Thee I still had Liv'd and Reign'd.

Ah! Learn from Me the Fate of Earthly Things,
 The Fortunes that attend unhappy Kings,
 Despise the Crowns you see my Rival wear,
 And envy not so great Access of Care,
 Reign o're thy Passions, and thy Self subdue,
 And have Celestial Diadems in view.
 Those are the Joys that should transport thy Soul,
 And all Desires of Government controul;
 E'en

(7)

*Een let the Prince that Rules 'em still Command,
A Thankless People, and a Faithless Land ;
Molest Him not, nor with thy Claim oppose,
He that has Such to Govern needs no Foes,
His Crown's a Burthen, and his Scepter pain,
And could I hate a Man, I'd wish his Reign.*

*Feign would I beg a moment more to bless
Thy Sister, born an Exile in Distress,
Leave her some dying Words to Her let know,
There is some Happiness amidst her Woe,
That Joys hereafter pay for present Wrongs,
And more than make amends for slanderous Tongues:
But Death, the Conqueror Death, too fast prevails,
And my lost Speech at its approaches fails---
Remember, Son, keep Heav'n within thy View---
My Wife— my Children— Brother— Friends— Adieu.*

*Thus He deceas'd, and thus his Soul resign'd,
Sated with Ills belong'd to Human Kind ;
Whilst the sad Court bewail'd the Royal Spoils,
And mourn'd that Fate which He receiv'd with Smiles.*

*And now the Muse should her last Office pay,
And waft the Soul to the bright Realm of day,
Make Angels his Conductors to the Skies,
And Saints behold their Guest with longing Eyes;
But who can bear such endless Streams of Light?
Ineffable's the Visionary sight !
Kings, Princes, Patriarchs, Prophets, Priests proclaim,
The Saint's Applause, and dwell upon his Fame,*

As

As each becomes his Conversant, and Guide
 To place him near his murder'd Father's side.
 His Father---- All Description lost and dyes,
 No Tongue must dare attempt his Fxtasies,
 Raptur'd, entranc'd, and Kneeling at the Throne
 He thanks the God that gave him such a Son,
 While Heav'n's new Tenant Sings his Maker's Name,
 And blesses him from whence his Praises came.

Such are the Joys Immortal Beings show,
 While his sad Family's in Tears below,
 While *Berwick's* Sorrow each Attendant moves,
 And at one time the Son and Heroe proves,
 As with his Brother's Manly Grief he joins,
 And shews his Birth by no uncommon Signs,
 While *Middleton* all Comfortless appears,
 A *Nestor's* Head without a *Nestor's* Years,
 Thoughtful he stands, his breast resign'd to care,
 And meditates the Loss he cannot bear:
 A Statesman now without the least disguise,
 And real Fears within a Courtiers Eyes,
 Searching the inmost Springs of Sense to find,
 Ease for his Grief, and Quiet for his Mind,
 While ev'ry Servant does his Fate deplore,
 And doubly feel the Pangs their Master bore.

Nor has that Court all Signs of Grief engross'd,
 Ev'n *Albion* weeps what *Albion's* Sons have lost,
 Laments a *Stewart*, tho' she Mourns no *King*,
 And humbly does a *Christian Hero* Sing.

Pitty

(9)

Pitty in some, in others Love prevails,
 Tho' the relentless Fool snarls on and rails,
 And thinks it's Duty to the Prince that Reigns,
 To *laugh*, while ev'ry tender Soul *complains*.

Amidst the rest, and with superior Grace,
 ANNA bedews with Tears her Royal Face,
 And almost weeps the Period of her Race. }
 Scarce has the Year its Annual Circle run,
 In which the childless Parent mourn'd her Son,
 But a fresh Cause provokes Her dutious Sighs,
 And forces Streams to trickle from her Eyes.
 Oft would She, when alive, lament his Fate,
 And grieve in secret for his falling State,
 Ask Heav'n to have his Suffrings in its view,
 Just to her *Father*, and her *Country* too.

And now the Tide of Sorrows is return'd,
 And she laments him *Dead*, she *Living* mourn'd;
 A double Grief sits Beauteous on her Brow,
 Childless before, without a *Father* now.
 Oh! Could She but our suppliant Tears receive,
 And think how *Albion* weeps to see her Grieve,
 Vouchsafe to be reminded of the Throne,
 Senates decree shall one day be her own,
 And that our Hopes are fix'd on her alone. }
 How that she owes us yet a glorious Reign,
 Young *British* Kings to Rule the *British* Main:
 Hearing our Pray'rs she'd our lost Hopes restore,
 And shew the *Daughter* less, and *Princess* more.

D

But

But Souls like hers, and of so tender Frames,
 Cannot refuse the Debt that Nature claims,
 And such a Father well deserves to be,
 Lamented by such Filial Piety.
 Great was his Love, and just is her Esteem,
 He mourn'd Her Absence, and she weeps for him;
 Repays the Tears for her He daily she'd,
 And Consecrates the Mem'ry of the Dead.

Lo! where he lies, and what a Tomb contains
 His Earthly Parts, and keeps his last Remains!
 No pompous Scene of Woe demands our sight,
 No rising Pillars of aspiring height,
 No soft Inscription to provoke our sighs,
 Or draw the Reader's sorrows from his Eyes.
 In Death he shews himself devoutly brave,
 All that he has a Coffin, and a Grave,
 As he now measures out the Place he chose,
 And takes amidst the *Poor* his last Repose.

One place his Brains, another takes his Heart,
 This has his Entrails, that some other Part,
 While He not half himself together sleeps,
 And *Parcell'd* out Eternal silence keeps.
 So *Pompey*; for he shares in *Pompey's* Fate,
 Both in his Living and his Dying state)
 Having thro' ev'ry Chance of Fortune run,
 And fled from Empire, and a Conqu'ring Son,
 In *Egypt* lost, within its Borders kill'd,
 The Life he sav'd from the *Pharsalian* Field,
 And ev'ry Quarter of the World receiv'd,
 A Limb of Him for whom each Quarter greiv'd.

And

(11)

And now Farewel, Thou venerable Shade,
Hapless in Life, by Death thrice Happy made,
Rais'd above mortal Kings, and Earthly Crowns,
Thou sit'st beyond the reach of Fortunes Frowns.

Look down upon the mourning Muse, and see
Ev'n yet, that there are some who pitty Thee,
That just to Goodness, and to Duty true,
Dare give unhappy Virtue, Virtues due,
And deviate from the Mercenary Throng,
T' attempt a bold, disinterested Song.

Accept the Tribute of her humblest Lays,
And deign to take what she sincerely pays.
If she wants Art her Sorrow to express,
The more 'tis real from its careless Dress,
And speaks a Truth of Mind, that cannot flow
From labour'd Grief, and artificial Woe.

Hail, sacred Prince, within thy bright Abode !
Bless'd with a nearer prospect of thy God !
Enjoy the Mansions for thy Soul prepar'd,
And lose thy Suff'rings in their just Reward,
Those have increas'd our Praises with thy Fame,
And fix'd thy Soul *above* from whence They came.
So great *Alcides* yielding to his Fate,
Conquer'd the growing Wrongs of *Juno's* Hate ;
Ills upon Ills the patient Heroe bore,
And Memory was rack'd to think of more ;
When at the last to Heav'n the Conq'rour rose,
And reign'd amongst the Gods were thought his Foes.

F I N I S.